

Youth

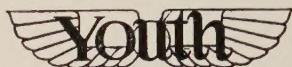
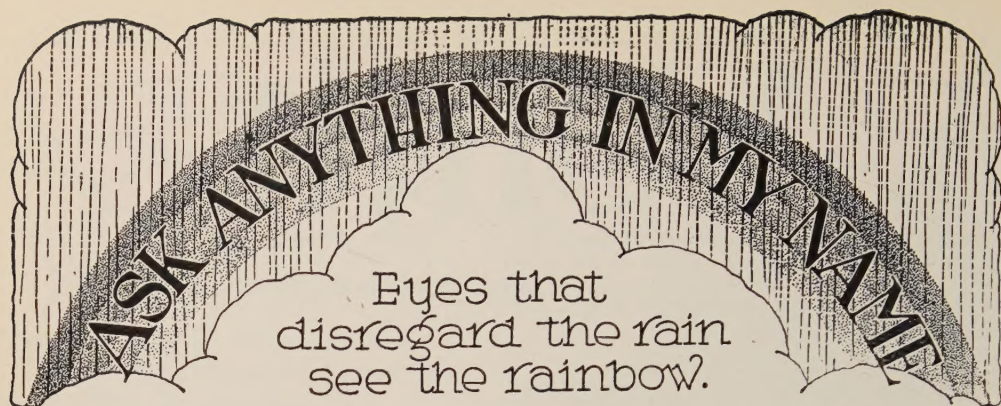
For all young people who find living the most interesting thing in life.

JULY, 1928

10 cents a copy



"A Crossroads Puzzle"



A magazine devoted to encouraging Youth to express itself.

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

Youth is published the first day of each month by the Unity School of Christianity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter December 14, 1926, at the post office at Kansas City, Missouri, under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 14, 1926.

Unity School publishes the following named periodicals, also: *Unity*, *Weekly Unity*, *Christian Business*, *Unity Daily Word*, and *Wee Wisdom*. \$1 a year each.

VOL. II

JULY, 1928

No. 7

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"Young Lochinvar," *by Ruth Morris*, is the true story of a young man who, at the age of twenty-two, edits a magazine reaching 2,500,000 readers. Look for it in August *Youth*.

Youth

By Elizabeth H. McMichael

WITHIN this chrysalis of doubt
A lonesome soul develops
wings
And secret yearnings to be safely
out,
Where he can try to soar toward
higher things
And taste the greater joy that
freedom brings;
While body crawls on its accus-
tomed way
And spirit seeks the light of clearer
day.



O you who cannot see beyond the
sky
Who cannot hear the fairies' whis-
pered calls,
Who cannot dream, but always
reason why,
Afraid of life beyond your narrow
walls,
What can you know of tempests,
storms, and squalls?
Be calm, stay ignorant of what you
miss,
But do not grudge to others other
bliss.

*"What you give out comes
back—increased and multiplied."*

Page One

By M. C. Blackman

MR. RODERICK leaned back in his chair in the inner editorial sanctum of the Norwood Daily Banner and peered at the two boys who sat facing him.

"Well, boys," he began pleasantly, "I understand you both want to work on the staff of the Banner this summer."

"Yes, sir," Carl Wayne replied eagerly.

Lester Barclay nodded complacently.

"I'm sorry I cannot take you both,"

Mr. Roderick continued, "because you have been highly recommended by your instructors at Oakley college, but I find I shall have room on the staff for only one cub reporter this summer."

"My father—" Lester began, in a tone of complete assurance.

"Yes, I know," the editor interrupted.

"I promised your father I would take you on if I had an opening. At the same time my city editor, who usually does the hiring and firing, promised young Wayne here a chance. Neither of us knew the other was under any such obligation. I hope you both understand the situation."

"Yes, sir," Carl said respectfully. Lester said nothing.

"Now, here is my proposition," Mr. Roderick smiled. "There should be several good page one stories out there at Oakley college waiting to be written. We send out whenever we can, but I am sure there are many important news items which we miss. You boys have had enough experience on your college paper to enable you to recognize a good story. I'll assign each of you to dig up a page one story for our next Sunday paper and bring it in next Saturday night, a week from today. The one who turns in the best yarn gets the job. Do you agree?"

"It seems fair enough to me," Carl responded promptly.

LESTER Barclay hesitated and started to speak, but Mr. Roderick, taking his agreement for granted, had already turned back to his paper-littered desk. The two boys went out together.

"I don't mind telling you, Les," said

Carl when they emerged from the Banner building, "that I need that job badly, and I'm going to do all I can to win it."

"If I don't get it," the other boy replied petulantly, "my old man will be sore. He's got it into his head that I ought to go to work this summer, and I can't argue him out of it. And he's set on this fool newspaper job. He's already sore at me because of my two flunks, so I gotta do what he says."

"Since we both want it so badly," Carl commented, "it should be a good stiff fight. 'May the best man win.'"

Young Barclay grunted.

"It seems to me," he complained, "that the editor's promise to my father should count for more than anything the city editor might say. The job should be mine, by rights. I guess it isn't your fault, though," he added grudgingly.

Carl felt his gorge rising. He changed the subject quickly.

"Have you thought of anything to write about?" he inquired.

"No; have you?"

"Yes, I have. I'm going to try to get the best news story at Oakley college in a long time: the appointment of President Armstrong's successor. He has decided to retire, you know, but no one has been named for his place. The board of trustees may decide at the next meeting. Do you know when it will be held?"

"Yes," Lester replied with languid interest. "My father is chairman of the board, and I heard him say he had to attend a meeting next Friday night."

"Just in time," Carl exclaimed with enthusiasm, "for me to get the story for the Banner. I'll have to dig up a substitute, though, in case they take no action. It's quite a coincidence," he added thoughtfully, "that I should be the first to think of a story which you might have gotten at home from your father."

Lester looked quickly at Carl, then shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Oh, well," he muttered, "it doesn't matter."



"The one who turns in the best yarn gets the job."

THEY parted at the next corner, Lester to go to his palatial home on Riverside avenue, while Carl hurried to his own modest little home on the other side of town.

As he rode homeward on the street car, Carl found himself thinking of the boy he had just left, and wondering what sort of a chap he really was. Although they were both members of the staff of the college paper, they were not friends, and the casual acquaintance had not given Carl a favorable impression of Barclay. There was something lacking in his character, he felt, and he remembered with distaste the attitude Lester had taken toward Mr. Roderick's proposition—a test he considered fair enough under the circumstances. Lester had failed to take advantage of his opportunities at college, too. He was a brilliant student; his English instructor had praised him to Mr. Roderick, yet he had flunked chemistry and mathematics through sheer indolence. On the other hand, Lester had frequently done something which aroused Carl's admiration. He recalled the time Lester had gamely played through the last half of a basket ball game, ignoring the sharp pains which shot through his body every time he stepped on a badly turned ankle. There was no substitute available, so Lester stuck, and the game was won.

ONE thing which Carl particularly disliked about Lester was his habit

of referring to his father as the "old man." Carl's disapproval was largely due, he reflected, to the deep reverence in which he held the memory of his own father, an underpaid professor of history at Oakley college, who had died while Carl was yet in grammar school. Moreover, Carl knew Phillip Barclay, the banker, better than he knew his son, and he sincerely respected the elder man. However, Carl had enough worries of a purely personal nature, so he presently dismissed Lester from his thoughts.

After classes on the following Monday, Carl Wayne rode down town and entered the imposing building which housed the First National bank of Norwood. After a brief wait, he was admitted to the private office of Phillip Barclay, president.

"Hello, Carl," the banker said cordially. "What can I do for you today?"

"I've come to make a small payment on that note," the boy explained. "I expect to pay it all this summer if I am fortunate enough to get the job I want."

"That's fine, Carl," Mr. Barclay smiled. "I have the utmost confidence in your honesty and ability. What do you plan to do this summer?"

"I hope to work on the staff of the Banner."

"Is that so? Then, you and Lester will be together."

"Oh, no," Carl replied quickly. "Didn't Lester tell you about our competition?"

"Competition?" The banker was plainly puzzled.

Carl explained the situation and the terms of the proposition put to them by the editor of the Banner, wondering why Lester had not mentioned the matter to his father.

"That's queer," Mr. Barclay commented. "Lester spoke to me as though he were certain he would get the job."

Carl's heart sank.

"I suppose Lester has uncovered a better story than mine," he thought. Aloud, he said:

"Lester must be confident of winning."

"I wanted Lester to work under Mr. Roderick this summer," the banker said soberly, "because I think the experience would do him good, but I'd hate to think he had cut you out of a job, since I know you need it. I won't insult you by offering to have Lester withdraw. I can only say I hope the better man wins."

"That's all I ask, sir," Carl said. "And that reminds me of something else I wanted to ask of you. If the trustees select a new president for the college next Friday night, I'd like to see you afterward and get the story."

"I can tell you confidentially now that Dean Goodwin is slated to succeed Dr. Armstrong," the banker said. "The formal approval of the board is all that is required."

Carl was startled. That was a good story. Dean Goodwin was much younger than the average college president, and he had not even been considered for the position in the rumors afloat on the campus. His appointment would be a radical departure from custom.

Mr. Barclay was chuckling.

"I'm afraid Lester has put one over on you there," he remarked. "He asked me about the presidency last night and I told him all about it. He said the story would not be released in the paper until Sunday, so I gave him permission to write it. Of course it's his story, since he thought of it first, but I suppose you'll find plenty of others."

Carl was stunned. He couldn't believe Lester had deliberately stolen his story and yet Mr. Barclay had spoken quite plainly. There was little room for doubt, and Carl was sick at heart. He became aware that the banker was talking to him in a serious tone.

"I've been worried about Lester quite

often lately," the banker was saying. "He seems to have the wrong idea about things—things that count in the molding of a boy's character. I sometimes feel I haven't been close enough to my son, that I haven't fulfilled my duty toward him. I've been a very busy man all my life and it is pretty hard for a boy to grow up without a mother's care. Lester's mother died when he was a mere lad, you know. Tell me, Carl, what do you think of Lester?"

The banker's face was pathetically wistful as he turned eagerly to the boy for reassurance. Carl found speech difficult.

"I—I don't know Lester very well, sir," he said, "but I am sure a son of yours is bound to turn out all right."

"Thank you, Carl," the banker smiled. "I hope you are right. He is all I have."

THE boy's mind was seething with conflicting emotions when he left the bank building. His first impulse was to confront Lester and denounce him in the strongest terms at his command. He even felt a desire for physical encounter with him. The biceps of his athletic arms tightened at the thought. Then there arose before his mind the face of a successful, middle-aged banker, curiously pathetic and wistful. He recalled the simply spoken but meaningful words, "He is all I have," and a great pity for the man surged within Carl. In the end he said nothing. He resolutely set about the task of digging up another story of sufficient importance to receive space on page one of the Sunday Banner.

There was a dearth of news on the campus. Carl obtained a new interview from Dr. Armstrong, the retiring president; he got a fairly good sports story from Coach Johnson, and he gathered material for several lesser items from various departments of the college. None of these, he realized, would be good enough to compete with the story of Dean Goodwin's appointment to the presidency. He was almost in despair when he met Lester Barclay on the campus for the first time since they had parted on the previous Saturday, but he managed to conceal his real feelings and to inquire politely:

"Have you written your story yet?"

"Oh, yes," Lester replied airily, although he was obviously not quite at

ease. "I turned it in Tuesday, for release Sunday."

Carl offered no comment.

"Have you turned yours in?" Lester asked, with a sidelong glance at Carl.

"No," Carl replied briefly, and turned away.

Thus matters stood on Saturday morning when Carl received a telephone call from Mr. Barclay.

"Come down to my office as soon as you can," the banker said. "I want to talk with you about a matter of importance."

From the gravity of his tone, Carl judged something was seriously amiss; so as soon as he could get away from his morning classes he hurried downtown. He was vaguely apprehensive as he entered the office of the bank president.

"This is a difficult thing to do," the banker began abruptly when Carl sat down, wondering at the strangely old and tired look on Mr. Barclay's face. "I must face you and admit that my only son is a cheat and little better than a common thief."

"Please let me finish," he continued as Carl tried to interrupt. "I respect you for remaining silent, but I cannot escape the facts. I mentioned to Lester that you had told me of the competition and had asked me about the presidential appointment. He let slip the fact that it was your idea in the first place; that he had violated your confidence by stealing your story. He even tried to defend his action," Mr. Barclay added bitterly.

"I could not trust myself to discuss it with him then," he resumed in a toneless voice. "That will come later. But I want to tell you I will not allow Lester to submit his story."

"He has turned it in already, sir, for release Sunday," Carl said uncomfortably.

Mr. Barclay winced as though in pain.

"Then I will give you a better story," he said after a moment of hesitation. "The college has received a gift of half a million dollars for building purposes, and the trustees are planning a new administration building and a new stadium. It will do no harm to anticipate the formal announcement a few days."

"That is a peach of a story," Carl gasped, almost forgetting the painful part of the interview.

"Furthermore," the banker said grim-

ly, "I shall make Lester withdraw his application and request Mr. Roderick to give you the position."

Carl shook his head.

"I couldn't accept that, sir," he protested.

"Why not?" the banker demanded. "It is no more than just."

"I wouldn't feel right about it; and if you'll excuse my saying so, I think you are judging Lester too harshly. I really believe he was trying to please you rather than to hurt me. He knew you wanted him to have that job, and he didn't think about the injustice to me, or to himself for that matter."

"Then you won't take this story?"

"Not unless you permit Lester's story to stand and let Mr. Roderick judge the two on their merits," Carl answered. "Besides, Mr. Barclay," he continued boldly, "you yourself said that you had not been very close to Lester in recent years. I know he has good stuff in him. Perhaps, if you—"

"All right," the banker interrupted, a trifle gruffly. "We'll let it stand if you wish it, although I think you are kinder than Lester deserves. Take these notes."

CARL hurried to the office of the Banner and wrote his story of the half a million dollar donation to Oakley college from Charles P. Baker, the noted philanthropist. He elaborated on the building program of the trustees and when he had finished he left the story on Mr. Roderick's desk.

That night, in answer to a summons from the editor of the Banner, he returned to the newspaper office and entered the inner sanctum. A moment later Lester Barclay entered and sat down beside Carl, avoiding the latter's eyes while they waited for Mr. Roderick to finish the task in hand.

As on that other day a week ago, the editor leaned back in his chair and peered over his glasses at the two boys who sat before him.

"You have both done well," he said. "With very little revision, both of the stories you turned in will go on page one in tomorrow's paper. I am pleased, because—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Roderick," Lester blurted, his face very red. "I want to say something before you go any further. I don't know what kind of a story Carl

has turned in, but mine also belongs to him. It was his idea, and after he told me about it I got to my old—to my father first and got the story. I didn't realize it was such a mean trick until I had a long talk with Dad this afternoon. And—and—that's all, I guess, except that I want to withdraw my application."

Mr. Roderick was thoughtfully silent. Lester turned to Carl.

"And I—I wanted you to know," he stammered, "that I am doing this of my own accord, without even a suggestion from my father. I think you were mighty decent to stand up for me the way you did when Dad was so—so hurt."

Carl impulsively thrust out his hand. Lester gripped it silently.

"Well, boys," Mr. Roderick smiled, "now that that is over and forgotten, I wish to point out that the Banner is a clean, respectable newspaper. Our reporters are true gentlemen, with the courage and the desire to do the right thing always.

"And as I was saying when I was interrupted a moment ago, I am pleased that you both turned in good stories, because it happens that one of my reporters has resigned to attend a summer camp, and I need two new men now.

"I shall expect you both to report for work the first Monday in June," he concluded, and turned back to his paper-littered desk.

(The End.)

Little, But Oh My!

By Dolores B. Bingaman

ST. JAMES called it the unruly member, and a more accurate description of the human tongue has never been conceived.

We open our mouths to say one thing and something quite different pops out. We firmly determine to keep still and a moment later we break out in speech.

Mature tongues are as unreliable as youthful tongues. A man may weigh two hundred pounds and have no more control over his tongue than has a child of ten. Absurd, isn't it, how this little bit of physical equipment defies us? Little, but oh my!

What are we going to do about it? Are we going to keep on waging discouraging warfare with this high-powered pigmy? Of course. Besides, no battle is lost so long as the fight is on; and though victory rewards us only now and then, we check this unruly member often enough to know that it can be done.

Perhaps no triumph tastes so sweet as the triumph over a tongue bent on mischief.

Some one is under discussion: you know a thing or two you could add to what has been told. The words come with a rush, but they don't get out. They try again, but you mean business, and for once words better left unsaid are buried in silence that is kinder than speech.

The tongue is hard to hold down. Not for long will it be still. Why should it? There are thousands of things to talk about: interesting things, exciting things, helpful things, things beautiful and holy, and loads of common, everyday things.

Let the tongue wag. Keep it busy. Crowd it with pleasant things to say. The tongue can be weaned from its unreliable ways and trained to good habits. The weaning is quite an undertaking, but it is worth all the effort required.

What thankfulness equals that which wells up in our hearts when we think of what we might have said—and didn't!

*The older generation
and the younger, and—*

Parcel Number 98

By Oreola Haskell

"**H**OW dare any one take my property without my consent? Wasn't it paid for out of my pocket? Haven't I any rights or privileges as a taxpayer? I tell you I'll hold my own to the end. I'll defy them. I'll fight—I'll——"

Emmett Drake's voice rose in a crescendo of rage, his face grew almost purple with wrath, he tottered to his feet from his wheeled chair and shook a choleric fist at the calm young man who sat facing him.

"Dad—Dad—easy now. You'll harm yourself."

Dora Drake's imploring young voice made a strain of minor music in the room as she laid her hand soothingly upon her father's shaking arm.

"The city takes all the property it needs by the law of eminent domain," exclaimed the calm young man evenly. "But not without compensation to owners. Your land has been condemned, two hundred and forty feet of it. But you're lucky. You'll have plenty of lots left and you'll get good compensation."

"Compensation?" roared Drake. "What do I care for money? I want the land left just the way it is as long as I live. I don't want a street running through my property and bringing me noisy, prying neighbors. I tell you I'm able to pay taxes on plenty of land and I won't give it up."

"Unfortunately you'll have to," replied the young man decisively, "and because it's mandatory you might as well look out for your own interests and get as big compensation as you can. All the property owners around here have retained me to see that the city gives them proper awards and that it keeps down the assessments that are levied for the

improvements of the new street. Why not come in with them? My brother and I will take as our fee twenty-five per cent of the excess of award over assessment, and do it on a contingent basis at

that. If you'll agree I'll ask you to sign a retainer with us and a claim for yourself."

He rapidly unfolded two legal looking papers and held them out enticingly; but Emmett Drake thought otherwise. He dashed the papers to the floor and exploded: "I'll not sign. I'll have nothing to do with the scheme in any way, shape, or form."

The young man looked slightly disgusted in spite of his studied self control.

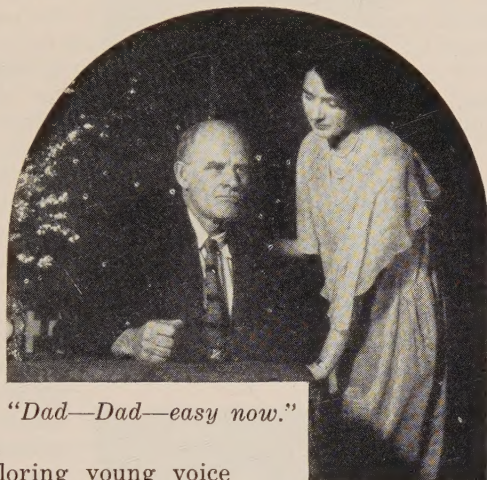
"The assessments are likely to exceed the awards, and you won't like that," he said. "You'll have reason to storm then. The city's growing rapidly out this way and in consequence is raising the value of your holdings. I should think that should please you."

"The city is like a huge monster, noisy and dirty, stretching out its clawing paw over my quiet land where I've had peace and beauty and privacy for twenty-five years. Why, look at my big trees! Some of them will have to go to make way for an ugly street, treeless and crude, lined with wooden boxes set up on end for houses. I tell you it's infamous, outrageous——"

And Emmett Drake pounded with violence upon the table beside him. At a sign from Dora Drake, Morgan rose.

"Well, think things over until I see you again," he said.

"Don't bother to come again," shouted Drake defiantly.



"Dad—Dad—easy now."

MORGAN was wise enough not to make a reply, but, guided by Dora, hurried from the room. Out in the beautiful grounds that surrounded the big, old-fashioned house the two young people confronted each other.

"Why can't he listen to reason?" asked Ellis Morgan in exasperation.

"We none of us listen much to reason. We're mostly swayed by feelings, so psychologists tell us," said the girl loyally. "Of course Dad has strong emotions and strong likes and dislikes. He loves his grounds and his big trees; but that's not all. He's like lots of people. He puts up a screen of rage to hide a deep and tender feeling. He didn't tell you, but I will. Mother's rose garden will be taken by that new street. Since her death we've kept it planted in memory of her, in the very place she selected when she started it as a bride. Dad's got a memory picture of her planting her first rose bush in the garden. He often tells me how she looked, slim, girlish, with a high coronet of golden curls, blue eyed, rosy cheeked, dressed in a long white dress with a blue ribbon about her waist. She made a little ceremony of planting the bush. And at the end she threw Dad a kiss. The picture gets more and more real to him as he grows older. I think he feels that fairy kiss on his cheek at times. At least I find a tear where it might have fallen. The rose garden is sacred ground to Dad."

"One can't blame him. And you?"

"WELL, she's not so real to me; just seems like another girl in the long ago. She died when I was so young. I feel differently about the city, too. The new streets seem friendly, bringing a lot of new neighbors. I look out at night from my room at the long lines of street lights and I say: 'People are creeping nearer and nearer all the time. It won't be so lonely any

more.' I like to see the fresh faces in the new shops that have sprung up out here. I like the well paved roads that have replaced the mud holes. I like the stir and the bustle of new life. I like the little houses and the fresh paint and the tiny lawns and the rosy babies in their gocarts. I like being 'suburban' and not 'country' any more. The other day they opened the big sewer that is to serve all this section and they had a dinner served on long tables in celebration. City officials came, the mayor and others, and they all made speeches. I got a big kick out of it. I saw the greatness of doing a useful thing like building a sewer. I saw the city not ruthlessly grabbing land but providing homes for its children. The whole development out here thrills me. But it's different with Dad. I guess it's because I'm young and I want life and change and excitement. And he's old and he wants privacy and—and—peace."

"You've got a mighty graphic way of explaining things to a fellow. You make me feel patient with the old chap again.

Of course he's got his side, and he's not the only householder who's raised a rumpus about new streets' spoiling his private domain. The only curve in Broadway, New York, is there because an old Dutch farmer raised a row and wouldn't let the city destroy his big apple tree. But rave as they will, all the land owners have to give in at last. Your dad can't help himself. He'll have to give up the land."

"And have strangers tramping over the dear old rose beds, a fat, foreign woman maybe hanging out clothes, her big feet on the very spot where Mother's dainty slippers made scarcely a mark. It was I who suggested we buy the lots where the beds were—but that doesn't preserve them as a rose garden."

"But surely he knows sentiment can't prevail against stern laws and regulations. You must urge



him to use logic, reasoning."

"No, reasoning with him won't do the trick," said Dora Drake with conviction. "I'd like to have him do the proper thing; but it's his emotions that oppose the idea and he must be won over through his emotions. I'd like to help you. You've come here so many times to persuade him. You've really been very kind."

"I'VE NOT been kind at all," said Morgan in a low voice. "I came here a lot, yes, but not just to see him. I came to see you. You're not like the jazz girls I know that glitter and jingle like bits of brass. You're pure gold. Maybe the things you complain of are what make you fine: the loneliness, the big trees, flowers, being patient with your dad, escaping the whirlpool of city life, having imagination and understanding——"

"Oh, but you are idealizing me," stammered the girl. "I'm just an ordinary person, maybe a little queer, without a mother or brothers and sisters, just Dad and a deaf housekeeper. I must be very dull, really. I've had to think things out for myself a lot."

"But it's made you different, and adorable," breathed Ellis Morgan, and now he was no longer a calm young man. "I admire you a lot and like you more and more. *Like* is a feeble word. I'll say *love* if you don't think it too soon."

"Maybe it is," answered the girl in a soft fluttering voice. "We'd better just be friends now. And I'll help you with Dad—but I can't tell just how."

"All right, that will be fine," acquiesced Morgan, and since she had a startled, agitated look, he deemed it best to go. But he held her hand a long time at parting.

WHEN Dora returned to her father, she found that he had calmed down enough to show a disconcerting bit of acumen.



"That fellow's got an eye on more than my land and trees. That cheap young shyster's coming here to make eyes at you."

"But he comes of a good family, and he and his brother are in a good business," protested Dora.

"We only have his say-so for the whole thing," growled Drake and noted with inward trepidation his daughter's starry eyes, flushed cheeks, and tremulous parted lips.

For many days thereafter, father and child went mechanically through their usual routine of living. Almost continuously, urged by strong desire, Dora prayed that she might be able to convince him through his feelings that he was wrong to hate the big city clamoring at their very gates. Timidly and doggedly from time to time, she told him of her girlish fancies and feelings regarding it, of the sense of the fullness of life it gave as opposed to the emptiness of solitude and silence, and of the joy she felt in the home making of the newcomers who to her were like "birds building their nests." Though he sneered irascibly, she knew he was affected by her views.

"I've laid a foundation," she wrote Ellis Morgan, "if some one will only build on it. I carry about with me the papers you left and a fountain pen, so that when he is in the right mood, I can get him to write his signature."

EAGERLY she looked for some one to help: the dry old lawyer who came once a week to play chess with his client, the middle-aged broker who stopped in once a month to give an accounting of investments, the elderly relatives who called at rare intervals. All advised Drake to cease his rebellion and sign on the dotted line, but he intimidated them by his storming and his pounding fist—all but the old lawyer who squinted over the legal document describing the property to be taken:

"IN RE 114TH STREET—EMMETT DRAKE
PARCEL No. 98

"All that certain lot, part, and parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City of —, County of —, State of —, beginning at a street known as 113th and running S. W. along property formerly belonging to Roger Salem and extending S. 240 feet to Martin's Lane," etc., etc. (Thus in dry phraseology was described the mother's rose garden.)

"This is all right, Emmett," he declared in his precise voice, "and Morgan and Morgan is a reputable young firm. Let them handle the matter for you; there's a lot of technical procedure to condemnation proceedings, proving title, proving value, keeping down assessments, jacking up awards. Rage if you must, but cut it short."

"Morgan and Morgan, a reputable young firm." Dora Drake's heart sang within her at the words, and she put a caressing hand over the legal papers she carried ready for action in the bosom of her dress. Yet in spite of all pressure, Emmett Drake did not weaken as time passed. Ellis Morgan called several times to see Dora and found her more and more dejected. In the early summer days she took to the open, wandering about her own domain and up and down the adjacent streets.

"Where can I get help?" she asked over and over again, not realizing that help always comes to the earnest and persistent seeker. She coaxed her father out into the summer sunshine one June afternoon, pushing his wheeled chair down the long cemented walks. She had been so absorbed in her own problem that she was surprised to have him say with a suppressed tremor in his voice:

"If your mother had lived we'd be celebrating our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary today."

"Oh, would you, Dad?" she asked. "Wouldn't it be gorgeous to have her here? What would we do? I know; decorate the grounds, have some music, give a party with flowers, singing,

dancing. Poor Dad, it's a sad day for you with just me and memories."

"Well, it's not what it might be, but at least my memories are sweet."

"Well, we ought to do something, not to celebrate, but in memory. Let's think up something, Dad, do."

"All right."



THE TWO fell into a deep silence. Out at the very edge of the grounds to the north, Dora absentmindedly pushing the wheeled chair, bumped unceremoniously into a couple sitting on a boulder.

"Oh, excuse me," she

cried apologetically.

"It wouldn't have happened," added Emmett Drake quickly, "if you hadn't been trespassing. What are you doing on my land?"

"Nothing at all except looking. It doesn't hurt anything to look at it, I suppose," furiously answered the young man who faced them.

"Jim! Jim!" admonished his feminine companion. "Jim doesn't mean a thing, really. Ever since he came from the war, he's been jumpy and quick to take offense. It's mostly nerves."

"No, it isn't nerves either," cried Jim. "It's fighting the meanness of the middle-aged ones who stayed at home. Here they pitched me into the war which gave me a game leg and made me shaky for life. When I came back I found my job hadn't been saved for me. Had a deuce of a time getting another with small pay. We've had to work and wait and pinch and scrape for years to save enough to get married and buy a home. She's cracked on a little house out here. She's a country girl. And now to have an old grouch spoil what little pleasure we got out of coming here Saturday afternoons by objecting to my looking at his grounds— You wouldn't have any grounds, maybe, if we young chaps hadn't gone out and fought and bled for you. Come on, Bessie. We'll go."

"Oh no," cried Dora in distress. "Don't let us drive you away. Come in and rest on a bench. We'll be glad to have you, won't we, Dad?"

"Well, I didn't mean anything, young

fellow. I—I—apologize. Didn't know you were a 'vet.' Come in, come in. Glad you like my place."

WHEN after much persuasion, the two accepted the invitation, Bessie slipped into a monologue. There was longing in her voice; her face was wistful; she made an appealing figure.

"Jim and I just love this place. It reminds me of my grandmother's house. You don't see many old houses round New York and so few real gardens, mostly pocket handkerchief lawns. Jim and I'd love to buy a lot facing this house and enjoy it as a view as long as it would last. We come every week and look at it and make plans and dream dreams. I'm 'country'—couldn't be stuffed into a city flat. I want a little house out here, with roses and a tiny lawn, and white curtains with a lamp at night to shine through warm and cozy, and neighbors close and your big trees to love. It sounds like a fairy tale. But we've saved up for the first payments and when the new street is opened across your land, we'll buy. And it'll make up to me for a lot and up to Jim for the war. I guess somebody or something ought to make up to Jim for the war."

"Maybe," growled Jim pessimistically. "Maybe, but you'll have to buck up against the selfishness of the old ducks who stayed at home and guarded their land and their money—and are still holding them tight."

Dora looked at her father with startled eyes, then caught by a sudden idea she struck out boldly.

"Oh, they're not so bad as you think. See, here's my father. He isn't. He's going to give a part of his land to the city for a new street and Bessie and you can have your lot. He'll help to make your dream of home building come true. He'll do it because he owes something to Jim for fighting. He'll do it because deep down in his heart he's a darling old thing, kind and unselfish. He'll do it as a memorial to my mother on this twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. We wanted to do something and now you've given us the very thing. We'll found a new home in her honor. Of course it was hard for my father to think of a stranger tramping over Mother's rose garden, but Bessie is small and dainty, like Mother, and already seems a friend.

She'll love the lots all the more, picturing Mother planting the rose bushes there as a sweet young bride."

"Oh, indeed I will," sighed Bessie.

Dora stopped, quite out of breath, shaken with emotion. She waited fearfully for her father's explosive voice, his shaking fist, his loud denial and denunciation. But he was strangely silent. Yet he heard Bessie say, "It would be grand if you would do it," and saw the tears that came to her eyes.

Emmet Drake looked down the long vista of his carefully kept grounds lying in sun and shadow before him, at frail Bessie with her patient mouth and eager eyes, at Jim, nervous and defiant and sadly in need of kindness, and at Dora, insistent and imploring. His voice was husky as he said:

"I've enjoyed all this for twenty-five years; maybe I ought to give some one else a chance. I see things differently now. Dora, get those papers that you're always talking about, that Parcel Number 98 thing, and the retainer for young Morgan. Youth and change will have their way and the old must give in."

While he was writing "Emmet Drake" on both papers with a rather shaking hand, Jim blurted out:

"You're a real guy, mister. Didn't suppose there were any left. Thanks for Bess and me."

Drake handed the signed papers to his daughter. "I think your mother would have liked this," he said.

Yet a little later he caught the infection of their joy as they burst into exclamations and began excited planning.

"Why can't we all have dinner together to celebrate?" he suggested. "And since it is a victory of youth, we might as well ask the young lawyer too."

IT WAS an enthusiastic and happy Dora who gave Ellis Morgan his invitation and the news over the telephone.

"You're to come," she said gaily, "not only to help in the opening of a new street, but in the founding of a home."

"Well, altruism is all right," conceded Morgan, "but I confess I'm more interested in founding my own home than another's. You're such a great helper, Dora, can't you help me with that, too?"

"Perhaps," said Dora softly, and her cheeks flushed their rosiest, "but for Dad's sake, let us do one thing at a time."

Thought Stretchers

The Mighty Meek



WE MUST not confuse meekness with weakness.

The men and the women who are popular—and popularity means a degree of power—are those who have qualities of character that people like. You like the man or the woman who is kind and considerate, and who is not vain and overbearing. Here is a principle. Every one likes true meekness in the other fellow. We can apply the principle to our own case by turning it around thus: The other fellow likes us when we are truly meek. Would you be a true friend and helper and at the same time be a greater man or woman? Then cultivate true meekness.—*Lowell Fillmore.*

Duty

WHEN Duty comes a-knocking at your gate,
Welcome him in; for if you bid him wait,
He will depart only to come once more
And bring seven other duties to your door.

—*Edwin Markham.*

"Alone"

EDITORIALS galore were written by editors on the exploits of the idolized Charles A. Lindbergh, and many of them were masterpieces. Perhaps the best, and briefest—as is usually the case—appeared in the *New York Sun*. It was headed, "Lindbergh Flies Alone."

Alone?

Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company with him for whom the air is cleft by Daring and the darkness is made light by Emprise?

True, the fragile bodies of his fellows do not weigh down his plane; true, the fretful minds of weaker men are lacking

from his crowded cabin; but as his airship keeps her course he holds communion with those rarer spirits that inspire to intrepidity and by their sustaining potency give strength to arm, resource to mind, content to soul.

Alone? With what other companions would that man fly to whom the choice were given?—*Health Culture.*

The Comeback

ONE time I saw some children playing with a rubber ball. I noticed that the harder the ball was thrown down the harder it came back.

P. S. Read that over again.

The Way Up



WE LIVE to rise; to create things greater than ourselves. There are—or so the Greeks put it—in their old-fashioned

habit of thought—there are such things as truth, beauty, virtue. We know that we can find, not all truth, but at least, some truth. We know we can create beauty. We know we can live, or try to live, in the pursuit of goodness, making our will the fellow worker of God. This is the true message of our Hellenic and European tradition: Serve humanity; glorify God; go forth, not so much to convert, but to contribute.—*Gilbert Murray; The Hibbert Journal.*

Guidance

IF I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
And Thy right hand shall hold me.

—*Psalms.*

Foolish Fear

DO NOT be afraid of getting too big for your job. Your work will grow as fast as you do. As you grow bigger, bigger jobs will come to you, for growth is something that cannot be hid.

Grin Stretchers

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 Official Stork's Nest

Modern Alchemy

HE: My dear, our engagement must be off. A fortune teller has told me I shall marry a blonde within a month.

SHE: Oh, that's all right; I can be a blonde within a month.—*Passing Show* (London).

Fortune Too Fickle

"I don't know which girl to take to the game."

"Why don't you flip a coin?"

"I did, but it didn't come out right." *Arizona Kittykat.*

This Youthful Age

Santa Cruz, California, February 11.

—(A.P.)—Mrs. Narcissa Arais, who said she was 120 years old, died here to-day at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Rufina Molares.—*Kansas City Star.*



Aged 96, celebrates 23d birthday to-day. Mrs. Christian Zigahm, 1835 North Keystone Avenue, who was born on Feb. 29, 1832, in Germany, with her dog. —*Chicago Tribune.*

A young woman sent a dollar for a recipe: "How a Girl May Keep Her Youth." The answer she got for her money was: "Never introduce him to another girl."—*Boston Transcript.*

One day little Katheryn's grandma came to see them. Her mother had callers and Katheryn wanted to introduce grandma to them, so she said: "This is grandma, one of our girl friends."—*Children's Magazine.*

Stacks of Mazuma

He makes piles of money, yet he

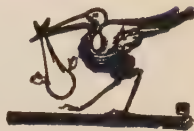
With the wealthy does not rank;

He makes piles and piles of money—

He's a teller in a bank.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Birth certificates are recorded in the city or town-clerk's office where the birth occurs. — *Watertown* (N. Y.) paper.



Big Men

Chicago, Feb. 2—(A.P.)—Three special trains Thursday carried Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson to New Orleans.—*Birmingham* (Ala.) News.

COL. LINDBERGH LANDS WITH AIR MAIL

Flies from St. Louis in Five Planes

—*Chicago paper.*

Strategy

"Ye're a hard worker, Dooley," commented Casey to his fellow laborer. "How many hods av mortar have ye carried up that ladder today?"

"Shh, man!" whispered Dooley. "I'm foolin' the boss. I've carried the same hodful up an' down all day, an he thinks I'm workin'."

Young but Wise

Mrs. Brown (tearfully)—"I'm so sorry, dear, I meant this to be a cottage pudding, but it wouldn't rise."

Young Hubby—"That's all right, sweetest. Let's just call it a flat pudding."—*Progressive Grocer.*

Familiarity

Barber: "Shall I cut your hair close?"

Co-ed: "No, stand off as far as possible."—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*

In Character

Rag-picker: "Any beer bottles, ma'am?"

Lady of the house (angrily): "Do I look as if I drank beer?"

Rag-picker: "Any vinegar bottles, ma'am?"—*Presbyterian Advance.*

Within Every One Is Power

By Orin Crooker

IT IS a lot easier for most folk to believe that the energy of a steam boiler is derived from something within the lumps of coal that are burned in its fire box than it is for them to believe that their own life gets its power from within.

Success in life is something that often appears to come from without. The fellow who gets ahead seems in many instances to do so because of fortunate environment, "pull," or some other external circumstance. Yet, if every factor in the situation could be checked, it would be found that advancement has come chiefly because of the release of inner energies and the directing of them into channels of useful service. These energies may be mental or they may be spiritual or they may be even physical, for it must be remembered that physical achievements owe their success also to the "will to do."

Scientists have been concerned for many years over the fact that only a very small portion of the energy in coal is extracted and utilized through the usual methods of combustion. This means that much of the coal that we burn slips up the flues of our homes and factories without giving any satisfactory account of itself.

This problem, serious as it appears, pales into insignificance beside the fact that untold millions of people utilize even less than ten per cent of the real power that is at their command. Take, for instance, the brain, which is most remarkable in its power of receiving, storing, and handling information. On good authority it is stated that even the most learned and the most studious of men utilize, during a long and active life, but a fraction of their brain capacity. In other words, the energy of the brain appears well nigh inexhaustible.

It is worth a lot to any one to get the vision of himself as a bundle of inner energies and to make it his life business to find suitable expression for those energies. Instead of waiting for opportunity or for good fortune to knock at one's door, it is by far a more effective method to set about releasing the stored-up energies that constitute one's chief capital in the game of life.

There are innumerable ways of doing this: study, concentration, mastery of some particular field of endeavor, increased skill in the handling of tools, of methods, or of men. Wherever or whatever the activities to which one applies oneself, victory is to be wrought through the forces that spring from within.

Life, for most folk, is not unlike the combustion of a piece of coal. This combustion may be accomplished with beneficial results or without such results—according to the will of the individual. Coal that burns in the open air gives off considerable smoke, as well as much heat that mostly is wasted, and there is left behind only a little heap of mineral matter. The person who expects success to come from without, causes his life powers to smolder; he accomplishes little of real benefit. His smoldering

forces may produce some smoke that catches the momentary attention of the crowd but his energies never are kindled into an actual blaze through which is generated real power to meet some existing need in the world.

Men who achieve much in the way of what the world calls success are mostly men who have found it possible to do, in the cases of their own lives, what the scientist cannot do with his lump of coal—utilize a major part of the inner energy. They have held some vision close to their hearts and have worked and toiled incessantly toward their desired goals. More and more power has come to them at each new release of energy. At last, in spite of hardships and of obstacles, they have achieved their hearts' desires.

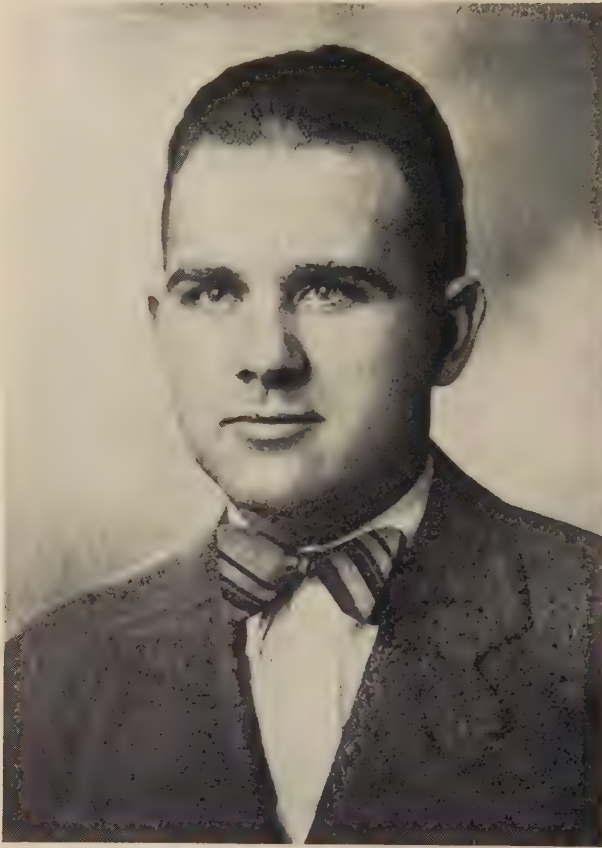
Within every one is power—much power. With each individual rests the choice of what he is going to resemble—a smoldering lump of coal that gives little light, heat, or energy; or a real steam engine of human energy, charged with the power that wrests results from an indifferent world. Day dreams will not turn the trick. Watching the far horizon for signs of a coming good fortune will not hasten the hour of release from a bondage that holds one in the same old place where one devotes oneself to the same unproductive task. It is the way of the multitude to sit and to dream—and to get nowhere.

Each one must look within himself for the means of power. He must study his likes and his dislikes, his strength and his weakness. He must decide on the thing that he wishes to do, on the individual he wishes to become. Then through patient, tireless effort he must make it possible for the deep-planted energies of his being to find release from their prison house. Once he starts these to issuing forth, nothing except himself can hold back the good fortune that will turn in his direction.

At its moments of greatest release of energy the coal glows fiery red or even white. There is no smoke, no pungent sulphur gas; there is simply rapid and silent release of energy. It is as though all barriers had been removed; as though each particle of energy were striving to free itself from its bondage at the same moment.

When the energies within oneself are freed in a similar untrammelled fashion, one is able to go forth and overcome the world. One will not then simply have achieved success; one will *be* success.





In the This You

STAR ATHLETE AND STUDENT—The Rhodes scholarship of Tennessee candidates, was described as a young man. All his grades have been "A." He has won several medals, and expects to break his record at the University of Tennessee. *PHOTOGRAPH BY*

YOUTHFUL HERO CONGRATULATED—He saved Carol Kattis from drowning and courage by Vic Donahey, Governor of Georgia, a life-saving medal from the Boy Scouts of America. *tional Newsreel.*

FRESHMAN AT 65—Harriett Brown, grandmother of twelve, and a life-long desire for a college education, is now a member of the class at the University of Arkansas.

RUSSIAN RADIO FANS—The first radio in America, but young people's interest in the same the world round. This picture shows Bronitzk, province of Moscow, Russia.

(Next Month)



ture of ful Age

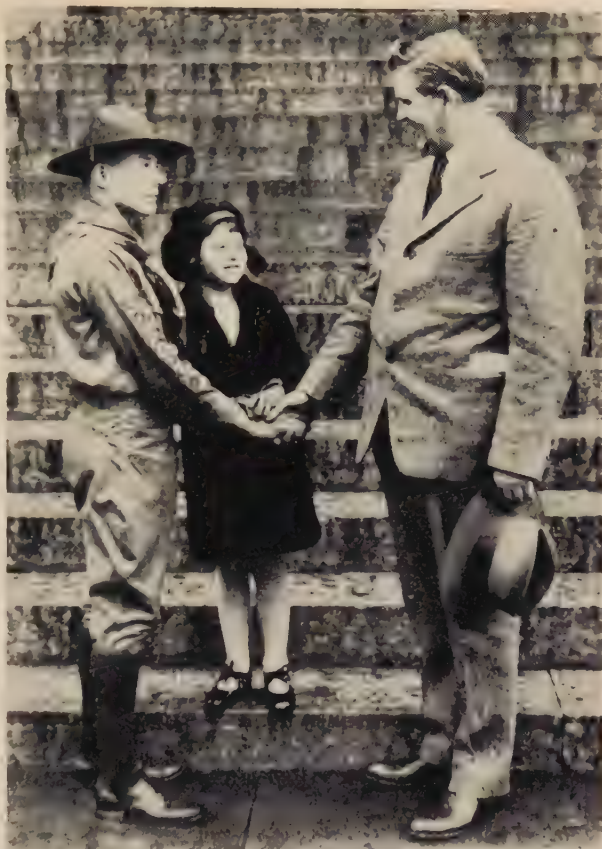
Wm. Everett Derryberry, who won
n competition with fifteen other
ose like we have not seen before."
as won three faculty scholarship
record before he graduates from
Keystone View.

ATED—When Robert Dingleline
was congratulated for his coolness
of Ohio, and was presented with
s of America. *Photo by Interna-*

Hamilton, mother of eight chil-
grandmother of one, has fulfilled
by enrolling in the news writing
Photo by Keystone View.

es not greatly resemble those used
t in radio seems to be much the
as taken at Liemtsevo, county of
Photo by Orient and Occident.

ot so Dumb")



The Meridian

By Gardner Hunting

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(This story began in May Youth. Synopsis of Parts I and II is as follows: Ruth Allison is in love with Gordon Trent. She knows that, socially speaking, she lives "on the wrong side of the railroad tracks," and so she does not blame Gordon when he allows his rich mother to discourage their love affair. Ruth gets an idea for solving her problem of being a "wrong-sider"; she calls this idea her secret dream. Instead of grieving for Gordon, as her parents had expected her to do, she suddenly becomes unusually cheerful. She buys some pretty clothes with which she rejuvenates her drab and faded-looking mother. She gets her mother to take an interest in the work at the public library. The mother is asked to volunteer her services and is about to refuse when Ruth accepts for her. Ruth coaxes her father to go to a town meeting at which he becomes so interested that he offers a suggestion on the matter under discussion, getting good water for his part of town. The others at the meeting are well impressed by his suggestion. There is some talk of making him a selectman. Mr. and Mrs. Allison realize that Ruth is "doing things" with them and are puzzled at her motive, but they cannot help being pleased with their new-found selves.)

Part III

WEEKLY Mother looked less and less like a mother, more and more like a sister. They elected her secretary of the Library Association. Mrs. Waring had her over for tea. Then came an invitation from the Monday Club—why hadn't they had her before? They asked her to write a paper on village library work, as if she knew all about it. All she could do was to write what she thought about it. Mrs. Waring liked her paper so much that she insisted on sending it to a woman's magazine which sent Mother a check for sixty dollars! The morning it came the Allisons all forgot to finish breakfast. Mother! In a magazine! Father went off without his coffee—forgot it!

As for Father—Martin Tree and Horace Ladd abruptly asked him to go with one of the selectmen to consult an engineer in a distant city about aëration. They paid his expenses, and he was gone a week—absent from his old stove concern for the first time in three years. All out of a clear sky! Ruth realized more and more that such things happen only out of clearing skies. And then, when he came back and made his report, another sudden thing happened. Martin Tree drove over to the house one night.

"Look here, Allison," he said, "I need a manager for my building enterprises out

here. I have a lot of plans to work out. You know—that speech of yours—that was a great line, 'We have a common purpose—to have everybody who lives in Sharrill glad that he lives in Sharrill!' That would bring buyers here." He asked if "so-and-so" would tempt him to tackle a new job.

"So-and-so" tempted Father very much. And when Mr. Tree had gone, nodding grim satisfaction, they simply had to celebrate. They ran, all three, for the 7:17, and went down to the city and saw the roaringest musical comedy there was, and had supper afterwards at the jazziest restaurant, and got home on the 2:12!

And within a week after that, Martin Tree offered to trade a new bungalow, "out north," for the Allisons' old house—with only a little balance to come out of the new salary in monthly payments. Dad said he really ought to be near the new development.

"Which side of the tracks is it?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, the shore side!" her father answered, and laughed.

RUTH had been studying. She had thought she might get a teacher's certificate. One day her father took her books out of her hands.



Gordon Trent was there beside her.

"College!" he said in his quiet way.

"I can't spare the time," said Ruth.

"From what?"

"Home life."

"You're getting too much."

"You're stealing my stuff. Let me come and do your typing. I can learn to transcribe from—one of those talking machines."

SHE began to see Gordon again then. The Shore Road ran within fifty feet of Dad's little new office. And one day Gordon whisked by in his big roadster. Adele Kincaid was beside him. Reflecting, Ruth knew that such things always happen suddenly, but this was so sudden that she turned from the window and put her head for a second against the book-keeper's tall desk that smelled of

new varnish. She was alone in the office—suddenly, forlornly alone!

After that, one day, a carful of boys and girls stopped at the filling station over on the other corner. Gordon was with them. They made such noisy fun that she used the dictaphone tubes to shut it out. She didn't want to shut it out, but she tried. It was too late; the voices rang in her ears. Oh, so many things in life were too late!

One night she was in Ellis' drug store, buying cold cream. When she turned she discovered that Gordon Trent was there beside her! A great throb hurt her heart. He took off his cap, slowly, looking at her questioningly. His eyes were hot and vague. After a moment she caught the scent on his breath that explained. He waited for her to speak to

him, and she bowed, trying to smile naturally. She went past him and out of the store, trying to take natural steps, but chills slid achingly across her shoulders.

She thought she had dreamed the secret of happiness, but there was no secret of happiness. Always you needed something more. That night she cried—about Gordon Trent.

She began to hear things about him then. He was hitting the pace. Too much money! Nothing to do. No ambition. Fined for speeding! He was going to marry Adele Kincaid. He was in the crowd at a raided roadhouse. He had a hushed-up fight at the country club. When that last rumor drifted to them she saw her father and mother look at each other, and at her. They did not speak, but she could "hear" their eyes say, "I guess Ruth's had an escape!"

The Allison's were beginning to have money. Father had commissions as well as salary, it seemed. They were beginning to be a family. Mother even played bridge. They lived on the right side of the tracks. And there was a new War-rick Six. But the night when Gordon Trent's car ran over little Freddie Candler in front of the post office, it seemed as if all the rest was a hollow mockery!

People said that Gordon was drunk; that Freddie Candler would die; and the rest needed no detailing.

But Freddie Candler had been in Ruth's class at the church school. They had taken him to the Mt. Lory hospital. Her father and mother were out for an evening drive in their new little motor car. So Ruth hired a livery car to take her the eighteen miles. All the way she prayed.

At the hospital they let her go in. The boy's mother was beside him, her face wet with tears; Freddie was bandaged and white and still. Ruth took Mrs. Candler's hand, and bent over the boy.

But he opened an eye at her.

"Oh, say!" he said suddenly. "Did they find my scooter?"

Ruth stood up. She realized that such things as this also happen suddenly. "Why, then you aren't going to die at all!" she said—conferring immortality on him in a breath.

"Did they find my *scooter*?" persisted Freddie.

"I'll find your scooter," promised Ruth. Tears sprang into her own eyes as she turned to his mother. "Then *you* are crying because you are happy, too," she said.

"Oh, yes!" answered Mrs. Candler. "I thought he was killed sure when he run in front of that car!"

"Why——" began Ruth. "Why, then, it wasn't Gordon Trent's fault?"

"What? It was not! Freddie was that crazy with a new scooter! It was nobody's fault but his. Mr. Trent wasn't to blame."

"Then," said Ruth, "I guess—I guess *his* mother will cry with happiness!"

She turned to go, and found Mrs. Trent standing behind her—tall, austere, distant. Ruth blushed and bowed. But Mrs. Trent took her by the arms.

"Ruth Allison," she said, and there were tears in her voice, if not in her eyes—Ruth could "hear" them there—"Let me drive you home."

"I HAVE watched you, Ruth," Mrs. Trent said. "I may say I had no choice. But—I know all about you."

Ruth was confused, throbbing.

"How did you make your family over?"

"I didn't!" cried Ruth, startled out of diffidence. "I couldn't! I wouldn't!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Trent. Ruth did not understand the tone; she had explained nothing; but Mrs. Trent seemed enlightened about something.

"You just showed them that they didn't *need* making over!"

Ruth was silent. She could not answer. Mrs. Trent waited a moment. And then:

"I tried to make Gordon over—and I've nearly ruined him. I fought with him to break up his attachment for you, because—well, frankly, because you didn't belong to his set. Now you're worth any two of them! But because you've proved it he won't go near you. He says it's too late!"

That went under Ruth's guard. "What?" she gasped, involuntarily.

The austere Mrs. Trent put a hand over hers. "Child," she said, "if you will marry my boy it will make him perfectly happy!"

Ruth choked a little. She put her other hand over Mrs. Trent's, with its noticeable knuckles and rings. But she

shook her head. "Oh, no, it won't!" she said.

"What?"

"It was finding that out that—that made the Allisons over!"

"What do you mean, child? Finding what out?"

"Why—that it doesn't make you happy just to—marry—or to reach a—a prize, or—or to cross a goal line. There's always something else!"

"Wise girl!"

"I'm not! I just found out that happiness is—like the morning paper—daily!"

Mrs. Trent was silent, but Ruth became aware that the car was turning in at a drive.

"Why!" she said, breathless, "this isn't our house!"

"No, it's ours!" Mrs. Trent answered, as her chauffeur opened the door. "I want you to wait a minute," and she went up the steps.

Ruth waited—a second! Then she climbed out of the car and fled!

But Gordon followed her with one of those electric torches that throws a beam a quarter of a mile. He caught her on the dark road.

"Ruth!" he said.

He started to say something more; but

abruptly it seemed unnecessary. Those things become apparent abruptly.

IT WAS so late when they got to Ruth's home that Father was telephoning about her. But he came out onto the porch when he heard Mother's little cry.

It was too dark to see faces. "What's happened?" he asked.

"Happiness, Daddy!" said Ruth.

He looked at Gordon, and then put out his hand.

"Daughter!" Mother said.

Ruth laughed. "My dream has come true!"

"That dream! What was it?"

"Oh," said Ruth, "I dreamed that a railroad line divided a town in two. I was on one side and wanted to cross. It was a game, and the tracks were the goal line. And then I saw that it was a meridian!"

"A what?" asked Gordon.

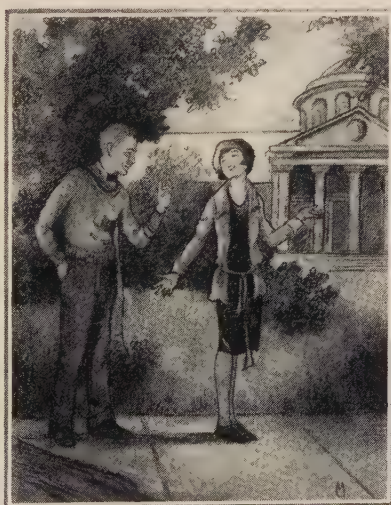
"A meridian. You know what a meridian is, don't you?"

"Why, it's a line—isn't it?—that runs through the poles. Time and distance, or something, are measured from it."

"You've left out the most important part of the definition."

"I have? What?"

"It's—an imaginary line!" Ruth said.
(The end.)



"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE"

DO YOU remember George N. Madison's story, "The Undoing of Delta U"? He has written another, a three-part story, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," which begins in the August number of *Youth*. Catherine Milar has prepared exceptionally fine illustrations for it. This small reproduction of one of them will give you an idea of how the larger ones accompanying the story will appear.

*"Whereas I was blind,
now I see."*—Jno. 9:25.

A Blind Girl Sees

Blind from birth, this girl of eighteen is lost in a strange world when she gains her sight.

IS SIGHT mental? Do we have to make delicate mental adjustments of the things our eyes report, in order to see those things accurately? Do our eyes actually see things at various distances, and report their sizes to us, or is the judgment of distance a mental "translation" of what the eyes report?

The case of Joan Getaz, who recently, at the age of eighteen, gained her sight after having been blind from birth arouses many profound questions.

Injured at birth in a way that caused the optic nerve to fail to function, she grew up in a world of darkness. Never having experienced sight, she learned to do, without sight, most of the things that people of normal vision do. She learned to read by means of the Braille system. She played with dolls and made clothes for them as most girls do. She became a more than ordinarily proficient pianist. She could find her way about her home, and even about her home city of Lincoln, Nebr., with the almost uncanny precision of the blind.

Then, suddenly, one evening, she found herself in a strange and amazing world, a world in which she was utterly lost, and in which she had to learn all over again to live.

SHE was sitting alone in the living room of her home, listening to the radio, when the seeming miracle of her restored sight occurred, according to an account by Guy Forshey, which recently appeared in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Her father, a traveling salesman, was out of town. Her mother, who had retired, was suddenly alarmed by her daughter's scream. She "ran to the head of the stairs and started down, inquiring what had happened. As she approached, the girl cried hysterically: 'Mother, I can see you!'" Joan then started up the stairs to meet her mother, but was puzzled by the unfamiliar sight of the steps and stumbled. The mother reached her side, and together they spent the rest of

that night marveling at what they firmly believe was a miracle."

"When I visited the Getaz home here recently," says the reporter, "Joan sat again before the radio and described the sensations she experienced with the coming of sight. It came suddenly. The fact that it came while she was listening to the radio appears merely a coincidence. She was not using head phones or touching any part of the set. There was a tingling sensation in her forehead slightly above and between the eyes, she said, a tingling that seemed to run to the back of her head. It felt to her like an electric shock. Then there was a flash. She saw light that startled her. Frightened, she closed her eyes to shut out the unfamiliar brightness and to collect her wits. She opened them again and saw strange objects all about her, one that was particularly beautiful and bright. She felt of it. It was the floor lamp. She felt of other queer shapes and recognized these, too. For many minutes, she was afraid to move lest she be engulfed again in darkness. Then, after realizing slowly what had happened, she gave the cry which brought her mother.

"Only members of the family and close friends knew of Joan's new endowment for several weeks. She was not under the treatment of a physician at the time and had not been for four years. The doctors, when last consulted, her mother says, expressed the belief that she would never gain her sight. So when she did gain it the parents were convinced it was a miracle brought about by faith and prayer and not merely a delayed gift of nature. Holding to this view, they hesitated to make it known for fear of arousing a disagreeable amount of curiosity and controversy. After about two months, however, the facts became known about town and the story was broadcast over the radio from an Omaha station. Immediately the family were swamped with letters, telegrams, and inquiries which they are still trying as

best they can to answer. These come from all parts of the country. Owing to an early impression that the radio had something to do with the matter, some of these inquiries come from radio stations and radio dealers who want to know what kind of a set she used and just how she got a shock from it. Many blind persons write hopefully to inquire if some new treatment has been discovered which she might pass along to them.

"To all these inquiries bewildered Joan can only reply that for eighteen years she was unable to see and now she sees. She doesn't know what brought about the transition. Something happened in her brain. She felt it but can't explain it. There was no electric shock, no new treatment discovered that she can pass along.

"**N**OW that the long period of darkness is over she isn't so much concerned with scientific aspects of the case. Interest centers rather in getting adjusted to new conditions which mean virtually a new life. For doing this rapidly, Joan possibly is better equipped than most persons blind from birth would be under similar circumstances. Her education has been careful. She attended school for only one year—a term spent at the Nebraska School for the Blind at Nebraska City—but private tutors have been with her from early childhood and her mother has devoted almost her whole time for the last 18 years to the task of lightening her daughter's affliction. The two are together constantly and the mother now serves as chief interpreter of the strange phenomena which Joan encounters.

"**W**ITHOUT even leaving her own dooryard the girl finds herself embarked upon a voyage of enchantment and amazing discoveries. Her new world is a world of wonders surpassing any fairyland of her imagination. She is seeing people and trees and books and flowers. She is beholding a seemingly infinite variety of colors. Previously, of course, she had not even a remote conception of color. A person blind from birth could not have. She had no mental images such as persons who can see may have with their eyes closed. She interpreted color only in terms of sound. For instance, she liked yellow because 'yellow'

was a pretty word. She didn't like orchid because the name had an unpleasant sound. Now that she can see it, orchid is one of her favorite colors. And she still is fond of yellow because it resembles light.

"Of all objects, those which are white appeal to her most, and black things terrify her. She likes white, she says, because it is farthest from black, and black is 'what you see when you don't see anything.' To her, black suggests a pit into which people may fall. Black objects, she explains, don't register in her mind as objects. They look like holes. Dark shadows frighten her, especially when they move, and when possible she steps carefully over them.

"Even her own shadow frightens her. This aversion to black had one pathetic result. Joan has a pet dog named Muffy. Before she could see she was deeply attached to the dog, but now Muffy finds herself almost an outcast because she is partly black. Joan shrinks from her unconsciously. Of all animals she has seen so far, she likes horses best.

"**I**N THE tedious process of getting adjusted to her new power of vision, however, animals puzzle her sorely. They have such funny shapes. The other day she was riding with her mother in the country and saw some hogs in a field. At a distance she thought they were people crawling about on all fours. She was puzzled by a lot of other experiences on that ride, too. They passed some mail boxes mounted on posts. Joan wanted to know what those hats were doing out there by the road. This time the mother was perplexed. Soon they passed several mail boxes in a group and Joan pointed them out. The puzzle was then solved. Joan often had felt of hats mounted on stands in the windows of millinery stores. Seeing mail boxes on posts for the first time, she thought they resembled these hat stands.

"Any objects in motion are bewildering to the girl, because she has to interpret things slowly. If they move rapidly she is confused. For that reason she doesn't care for motion pictures. The pictures change so fast she can't keep track of them, and she can't read the captions.

"Indeed, she can't read at all by sight. That is one of the things she is now

studying most assiduously. Although she has a considerable library of books and magazines transcribed into Braille and is an inveterate reader, she can't yet distinguish between the letters of the alphabet with her eyes. Even though she can write script and print letters, a printed page at sight is just a meaningless jumble. She manages to read slowly, however, by tracing the printed letters with her finger or a pencil and thus recognizing them. In that way she now reads her mail and the newspaper headlines by slowly spelling out each word.

"Her ability to do this was one of her first discoveries after gaining her sight. She picked up a newspaper with a 'banner' headline across the top of the page. Slowly, she traced the letters, L-I-N-D-Y H-O-P-S—'Lindy hops!' she cried excitedly. With nerves aflutter, she continued, O-F-F F-O-R N-I-C-A-R-A-G-U-A. 'Lindy hops off for Nicaragua!' It was as much a triumph for her as it was for Lindy.

"By the same tedious method, Joan is learning to recognize familiar objects. She feels of them and then looks at them, feels of them and looks again. Slowly she is acquiring the ability to trace outlines with her eyes and connect these visual impressions with impressions of touch. She couldn't do this at first. One day her mother asked her to get a thimble from a drawer. She was thoroughly familiar with a thimble; it was there in plain view, but she was unable to recognize it until she had closed her eyes and felt for it. She also has difficulty in keeping her bearings when using her eyes. For years she had been able to walk all over the city alone, with no help except that afforded by a swagger stick. But a short time ago she started out walking and got lost two blocks from home. She had to inquire of neighbors where she lived.

"THIS confusion, it seems to her, is partially due to her inability to estimate distance as other persons do, unconsciously. She finds herself reaching for a doorknob sometimes when still across the room. And, outside, she is unable to tell whether an object is a block away or a mile away.

"Before she could see, one of Joan's chief interests was music. She studied

piano and voice at the music school of the University of Nebraska and was regarded as an exceptional piano pupil. Since gaining her sight she has been compelled to give up her study, at least temporarily, because of the confusion which ensues when she looks at the keyboard, familiar to her only by touch. Interruption of her music study is disappointing, but Joan Getaz isn't complaining. She feels no want of entertainment. She is living in a veritable fairyland, where at every corner strange new wonders wait to startle and delight her."

THE fact that this young woman has been healed of blindness is a remarkable thing. It is an evidence of the existence of a healing power which people generally are just coming to recognize, although Jesus evidently knew of it and had learned to apply it; and in an unheralded manner, many thousands of persons have been studying and applying it to the healing and blessing of themselves and other thousands in this present day. The good that has come to Joan does not stop with Joan. It will be a message of hope and inspiration to untold numbers of persons who will hear of her healing.

Perhaps even more significant than the actual healing of Joan, is the startling implication which is contained in her subsequent adjustment to the world which had become so transformed by her gain of sight. Her experience strikingly suggests that we see with our minds. With almost all of us our sight has been trained so gradually that we are unconscious of the fact that it has been trained. We think that our eyes tell us how far it is across the room, and that a shadow is a shadow, and that a star is brighter than an electric light. Joan's eyes did not tell her such things. They reported to her very different things from those which we credit ours with reporting to us.

ACTUALLY it is believed that the eyes report a "flat" world. Ouspensky, in his book, "Terium Organum," tells of a case similar to Joan's. The young man of his story declared that the world seemed flat to him. He would reach for distant objects as a child reaches for the moon—and for the same reason.

What is the significance of these facts? Simply this: that we see with our minds! It is equally obvious, when our attention is called to the matter, that we hear with our minds, smell with our minds, feel with our minds, taste with our minds. The senses are rather inaccurate reporters. All that they report must be interpreted by the mind. The kind of mind we have determines the manner in which we interpret the world about us.

The applications of this idea are limitless. Our concept of our associates, our work, our studies, our recreation, our world depend to an amazing degree upon what we think about them! What we perceive in them depends upon what our minds, and thus our senses, are trained to perceive. This idea is sufficiently powerful to revolutionize the world. It has revolutionized many worlds. It can revolutionize yours.

FEW people are blind as Joan was blind. All of us are blind to a degree. None of us has really "seen" very much of anything about us. We merely "get

reports" that there are certain things and conditions about us. We "see" of them only what we are mentally prepared to see.

We smile at Joan's dislike of Muffy because he has black spots. Black spots are still "blind spots" to Joan. But Joan has no "corner" on blind spots. Others have them, too. Really to see, or to see perfectly, is to understand perfectly. We do not perfectly see anything which we do not perfectly understand. We still have a good many blind spots, spots which we fear as Joan fears the shadows, which still represent danger to her. But like Joan we are beginning to see clearly. The most encouraging advance in our progress is our dawning discovery that whatever the world about us may be to itself, to the beholder—to you and to me—it is only a mental concept. Without a mental reaction to it, it would not exist for us. The way in which it exists to us, as friend or foe, good or bad, baneful or beneficent, depends upon "the way we see it."

(The end)

Two Thoughts for You

Healing Thought

July 20 to August 20

Forgetting the weak things and springing into a new consciousness of life in Christ, I am mentally, morally, and physically healed.

PAUL said in his letter to the Philip-
pians, "Not that I have already obtained, or am already made perfect: but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus." He then urges us to be like minded and with him to forget the things which are behind and stretch forward to the things which are before.

Paul says in this same letter that "our citizenship is in heaven," where the Lord will fashion out of this present humiliated (weak, sick body) a body as glorious as that of Jesus. To accomplish this we must "stand fast in the Lord."

Prosperity Thought

July 20 to August 20

Springing into a new consciousness of God as love I become a magnet for riches of every kind.

JESUS said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you: good measure." Man in personal consciousness thinks that giving depletes one's store. The secret of increase through giving is in the state of mind. To give because one loves to give makes one a magnet, and the secret drawing power of a magnet is that it attracts by giving. A battery pours currents of energy into a magnet and big billets of iron leap to it and are easily lifted. Withdraw the current and the magnet becomes powerless. So with love—love gives freely and its radiations quicken generosity in everything it touches. Bless all your gifts with the word of love and prosperity will follow.

Let's Talk It Over

By Ourselves

IN A figurative sense the following letter might be from many of our *Youth* readers, since it deals with a problem that is very real to most of us at some time, so here it is, with the requested answer. It may have been written by you—or for you.

"Dear Unity:

"I must tell you that *Youth* has been a great friend and a good teacher to me. I have been able to answer some of the questions that troubled me. But there are still many questions that cause me uneasiness. I believe you can and will be a great help to me.

"In order to give you an understanding of my mental and physical condition, let me give you a brief sketch of my life. I have lived from childhood in a Christian circle. Both my parents and my teachers have been very religious people. I still live among pious and reverent men, though not entirely. I am the president of the Y. M. C. A. of our school; yet would you believe it if I should tell you that I doubt the existence of God, immortality, and many other doctrines? I have been discussing with my teachers and reading books, but with no satisfactory results. The deeper into the questions I go, the more perplexing they become. Many times I am disappointed in life. It becomes offensive. Everything seems dark and sad. In other words, a strong pessimistic spirit gets hold of me.

"Is it not sad for a boy who is planning to become a good, influential preacher, to be in such a discouraging condition?

"I am sure you will show me the right way to follow, if there is any. I thank you in advance for that.

"Will you please answer me through *Youth* so that others also may be helped by it?—H."

YOUTH does not think your condition is discouraging. In fact it is quite encouraging—encouraging in this way: If you keep on seeking an answer to your problem you will find one, and then you will have a faith of your own which you

have tried and proved; whereas until now your faith has been only a borrowed faith, a reflection of the professions of those about you.

Suppose you do not regain the faith you have lost? You probably will not regain just that faith; but you will gain faith, if you persist. Of this *Youth* feels quite sure.

It is a fine adventure on which you are embarking, and we have faith in you and in other young people like you who have the courage to admit their doubt and also to face that doubt rather than allow themselves to be lulled into acceptance of a faith which they have not made their own. Even more than that, *Youth* has faith in the existence of God and the truth of immortality; and faith that all who seek that faith may have it, too.

Ours is not the first generation to question the faith of the past. Each generation sees ways in which past generations have failed to live up to their faith—and it doubts and questions.

THE outward forms of human faith change—though perhaps less rapidly than they should. It is more often the forms of faith against which youth rebels than against faith itself. When we say we do not believe in God, we usually mean that we do not believe in some particular conception of God.

Many people cannot accept the idea that God is like a man in appearance—though perhaps larger and more powerful—and sitting upon a far-off throne somewhere in the Milky Way, yet they do believe in an everywhere present, loving Principle, which works through all things to express the good. It is difficult to find any one who does not recognize the marvelous intelligence and wisdom expressed in such order throughout the universe. Man knows that his own simple wisdom does not work without plan or without love; he cannot impute lesser qualities to an intelligence far greater than that which he as yet expresses.

More and more people are rejecting the old concept of hell as a place of eter-

nal torment for the sinful after death. They are growing to believe that God is not less loving than themselves, but more so, and they see that a more understanding conception of "hell" is that it means the purifying processes of life. If we disobey a natural law, our disobedience brings a corresponding reaction. The disobedience is its own punishment. It lasts as long as the disobedience and ceases when the cause is stopped.

LIKE you and many other young people, we have gone through that utterly devastating period that every youngster experiences when he finds that "there ain't no Santa Claus," and that the Easter rabbit is fiction. Those were solar plexus wallops, weren't they? But do they trouble you now? You have found by this time that there *is* a Santa Claus, after all, and a much better one than the obese old chap who could never have gotten down the chimney anyway. You have found that the desire to make happy those you love—and those whom nobody loves—is the eternal Santa Claus. That spirit existed, and was celebrated, before Mr. S. Claus ever got his name.

Keep steady, H. old boy, and all you others like him. All the people of the world, in all its ages, have not been mistaken in their faith in God and in immortality. These are principles of being. If by any possibility, they were not true in the beginning of things, they would have been made so now by the sheer force of so many people's thought!

About the "other doctrines": We do not know which ones you mean, but why

not look at them this way? If they are not true, they will destroy themselves. If they are true, they will prove themselves to you, providing that you will keep an open mind about them.

Even if, at this moment, there seems to you to be no God and no immortality, what are you going to do about it? Without them, how much more than ever the world would need young men and women such as you to put into the life the fine ideals that God and immortality represent! The only sensible course in life is to *act* as if God and immortality are real.

JUST what is God, anyway? What, but love and a thousand other fine and wonderful things, expressed in their highest? Just what do you think is the source of your own ideals, if not God?

Why do you feel bitter or disappointed at the thought that there is no God, no life beyond death? Why, if there is not something within you which is not in keeping with these ideas? And what can that something be? It behaves very much as if it were a little bit of God-likeness which will not be content with anything less than faith in Him and faith that His life in us is like Him, eternal.

You did not sign your letter to us, H. We wish that you had. We have violated *Youth's* rule by answering it. The fact that you failed to sign your letter, clouds its sincerity; but this does not change the fact that most of us go through some variation of the experience your letter describes—and that this chat may help them, and you, a bit.

YOU ARE NEEDED

At the Young People's Christian Unity Conference

ONE of the interesting features of the Unity Convention to be held at Unity Farm, Aug. 19 to 29, is the Young People's Christian Unity Conference. Many new societies have been organized and we expect many representatives from the field this year.

If you are not a member we invite you to visit the Conference and see what this work can do for you.

For information concerning the Convention address the International Young People's Society, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Does Your Faith Make You Happy?

By Ernest C. Wilson

IT IS an old idea that to love God one must kill the joy out of life.

There are some "joys" that probably could be spared with advantage to every one; but no real joy was ever at variance with a love for God.

Many people have not yet discovered this fact; and oh, what a thrill they will get when they do!

Abraham didn't know it—and the way he found it out is a corking good story—as human as possible—and as helpful as human.

Almost the last words of Christ were, "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be made full." The meaning seems clear and yet just a few days ago some one pointed out to me how miserable Christ must be, because He had left His joy behind when He "journeyed out" into the realm of the fourth dimension! Left His joy? Can you imagine Christ without joy? Why, people even say that He lost His life, when really He did what all the rest of us would like to do—and shall, when we've learned to do the other things which He did: He took His life, body, soul, and spirit, with Him into a higher dimension!

The idea of gloom dies hard! Folks still think of Christ as dead and without joy, when He was never so alive as now, and surely never so joyous as now, when millions are beginning to understand Him and His message; and to love Him—and to show it—not by the way they die, but by the way they live!

No, He was not separated from His joy when He disappeared from our sight. He left it as a flower leaves perfume. He left His joy with us by *sharing* it with us; and we do not really know Him until we know abiding joy.

If God could ever be annoyed or troubled, surely He would find many of His followers a great trial; solemn, downcast, murmuring doleful, formal prayers

at Him. I can imagine Him saying, "Can these be My people?"

ACHAP said to me the other day, "There are some things which I cannot seem to learn except by experience."

It was in that way that Abraham found out about joy. Abraham and Sarah were well along in years when a son was born to them. They were so happy about it that they called him Isaac, which means laughter.

But as time went on, a very strange idea took possession of Abraham. He began to believe that in order to prove his love for God, he must kill Isaac.

Men have feared joy. Men have feared beauty. For centuries the dark pall of this fear shut joy and happiness out of the lives of those who sought to prove their love for God. Music was forbidden in their devotions. The joyous colors of nature were forbidden in their clothing. The human body was considered impure and to be concealed, neglected, even tortured.

Often we have failed to see that there is no evil in these things. Evil is in our abuse of them.

Better than to kill out of our life some joy that we fear may be offensive to God, is to uplift that joy to a higher standard.

Better than to die for God is to live for Him; but Abraham did not yet know it and so he conscientiously set about carrying out what he believed was God's will.

EARLY in the morning Abraham arose and saddled his ass, and chopped the wood for the altar, and started for Mt. Moriah with Isaac and two servants. After three days they came within sight of their destination, and he said to the young men, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder; and we will worship, and come again to you." So Abraham piled the wood for the



Isaac carried the wood for his own funeral pyre.

burnt-offering upon Isaac, and he himself carried the fire and the knife, and they started up the mountainside.

There is a kind of grim humor in the scene, in which this stern old man, loving his son so much that he thought that love would offend God, stoically sets about to kill him; grim humor in the fact that Isaac must carry the wood for his own funeral pyre—humor in which we are startled to seriousness as we think of

Another who carried the wooden burden which should figure in His slaying; grim humor in the conversation between this father and son, as they toiled up the slope. It is not strange if Abraham seemed constrained and silent.

"Father," said Isaac.

"Here am I, my son."

"Behold, the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?"

And the father answered: "God will

provide himself the lamb for a burnt-offering, my son."

Strange that men should ever think God wishes them to kill; stranger still that they should think He wishes them to kill those whom they love.

WE CANNOT withhold our admiration for the faith and courage of this grim old man even though we give it grudgingly, considering his poor judgment. A faith which bids us do the difficult thing because we believe God will reveal it to be the right thing, is a wonderful faith. But we should hesitate ever to attribute to God the impulse to do that which is cruel or unjust or evil. The pages of history are dark-stained with the blood of wrongs committed in the name of God. The man whose faith in God leads him to do wrong is either deceiving himself, or else he needs to know God better. He should pray for understanding to match his faith.

What may have been the thoughts of Abraham, as he built an altar to God, and laid the wood in order, and bound his loved son, and stretched forth his hand to slay him, we cannot know. But they must have been thoughts which strove mightily to understand as well as to trust, for in the moment that the knife would have descended, the revelation came; the revelation that God did not wish him to slay Isaac; that God demanded his faith, yes; and his love too; a love which must even come before his love of Isaac; but not that he should kill Isaac to glorify God. Better than to give up is to lift up, and better than to make death a monument to God is to glorify Him through lives consecrated to His service.

As Abraham lifted his eyes, he beheld a ram caught in a thicket of thorn. To Abraham this seemed to be a divine provision. He slew the ram and offered it instead of Isaac as a sacrifice—which was hard on the ram, but was an improvement upon Abraham's first idea.

IT WAS many years later before men caught the idea that was impressed upon Abraham. After four thousand years they still needed to be reminded of it, for we find Paul writing to the Christians at Rome, "I beseech you therefore . . . to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, *which is your spiritual service.*" A *living sacrifice*! It was nearly two thousand years ago that Paul wrote, and even today every one has not learned the truth of what he said. So perhaps we should not be too critical of Abraham.

It is not condemnation of Abraham or of any past thing that will help us; but rather to see how such experiences as Abraham's are related to us. Between the lines they tell a second story; a story of far greater importance than that of the historical facts, more important even than the relationships between persons which are so vividly portrayed. Their inner story is that of man's unfolding understanding of his relationship to God. Looking from this point of view, we see that Abraham and Isaac—and even the ram!—are very much like certain elements in our own nature.

Abraham typifies faith, but faith which needs to develop understanding. Many a man has a faith which is like Abraham's, a faith that God wishes him to kill the thing he loves, a faith that would kill joy and youth and beauty, a faith that must learn.

Isaac represents joy, which should not be killed to honor God, but should glorify God through right expression.

The ram is typical of our animal nature, which must be sacrificed, or brought under control, so that the higher nature may express.

Do men seem slow in learning the lesson of Abraham, and the lessons to be gained from other lives? Perhaps it is because we have looked too much upon the literal side of their history, and dived too little into their inner story which is re-lived within ourselves.

HAVE you ever had to meet a great temptation? You will find inspiration in the story of how the greatest of men met His, as told in August *Youth*.

Meet the "First Convert
from a Largish Gang"

The Tenth Man

When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you at school, in your athletics, socially, or in regard to health or prosperity? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth Magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.

FIRST honors among Tenth Men this month go to the contributor whose first letter was signed "One of a Largish Gang." We had intended to use it in Your Own Pages, with our answer, but read on and you will see why we are printing it here instead, with our answer.

"Dear Ed.:

"Do you mean it when you say you will go to the mat with us? That we can talk straight out to you and get straight answers back? Or is that just one of those figures of speech? 'Heart-to-hearting' and that sort of bilge?

"Because if by any chance you do mean what you say and should turn out to be the sort of person who could let in a little light on this life-mess and give a fellow a shove in some sort of a sane direction, well, there will be a whole lot of us on you like a shot, and that's what you seem to be asking for, isn't it?

"By your photograph you are not so ancient yourself, so you probably know that if you do pull off your stuff you'll have all the churches, schools, and parents' so-called education (save the mark!) backed off the map. We are all pretty sick of the sort of pap they spill out to us (except as material for the comic sections). But don't kid us about it. Don't let us down again.

"How about it? It's your move. Say the word, and I'll open up on you. And not just for myself alone.—*One of a Largish Gang.*"

One O. A. L. G.—I am for you, strong; for you and your "largish" gang! If I let you down, it is because I do not realize it, or else because I don't know the answer. And if I do not know the answer, I will admit it. How's that!

IN A DAY or two, we received another letter, just a brief note in which the

writer confessed to having fallen from perpendicular grace into horizontal affliction—in other words he had the "flu." He seemed to have the idea that God was punishing him for something, so we wrote him at once that he was simply punishing himself, and that God hadn't made him sick but would help him get well at once unless he really felt kind of pleasantly lazy and wanted a vacation. He had, we suggested, merely stubbed his metaphysical toe over some obstacle of thought, and the falling down was not a punishment but an emphatic reminder to watch his step thereafter.

Well, here's his most recent letter, which elects him as a Tenth Man:

"Dear Ed.:

"You've pulled your stuff with banners and you've a right to know it.

"It was like this: the bets were even that you would ignore or snub that fresh letter of ours. While waiting to see I employed the time by coming down with flu. Then comes along your letter last night and got a laugh on the first line. Another from the second line. And then—I think it was just about then—you pulled the—what was it? Miracle? The power of the written word! I get you now. If I weren't 5 feet 8 inches and over twenty-one I could bawl just remembering how that laugh shook loose some kink that was raising asterisks (out of deference to the printed page) in the small of my back and at the base of my so-called brain, and I found myself lying loose and easy as a cool wet rag drooling thanks for beds to whatever gods there be.

"All of which talk, added up, means 'You win.' I'm sold. You've got hold of a God I've got to know.—*First Convert from that Largish (and freshish) Gang.*"

*These letters may
answer your questions*

Your Own Pages

*We will print as many helpful, sincere letters here as space permits.
Please sign your name and address; we will publish only your initials.*

TRUTH students who are active in church work sometimes find it a bit difficult to reconcile themselves to the note of gloom and fear that occasionally creeps into the services. A New Zealand Truth student who has solved this problem successfully writes us in answer to J. B., whose experience we printed some months ago. You will find this letter interesting, we are confident.

Dear Youth:

I had been a church member for a few years before I came into a knowledge of Truth. Every member was supposed to do what he could in the church. I had asked for a class, but was not considered strong enough to teach. When first I began to learn of spiritual healing, and experienced it for myself, it seemed to me that I must spread the good news. This time I went to the superintendent instead of to the minister, and was put in charge of eight little girls. I at once began to teach them Truth as I had learned it, as simply and practically as I could.

I taught them to pray by giving thanks. They soon learned to do this. Had they not many a time seen Mother insisting on Baby saying "Ta," before receiving her piece of bread and butter? Every Sunday I inquired whether any one at home was ill, or if they knew of any one who had gone to the hospital; then we prayed for these by name. Every week I told them of my own answered prayers.

We had the very same lessons as the rest of the school, but always I endeavored to make them really practical, so that the little girls could put the teaching to actual use. I explained to them that words were like seeds, bearing either good or the reverse, and suggested that we should try this by always considering ourselves a good, well-behaved, attentive class. A year or so later, when they had passed out of my charge and had several changes of teachers, another teacher remarked to me, "That class of little girls that you used to have is the best class in the whole school."

A child is bound to be attracted by teaching that he can prove for himself. Two little neighbors used to visit me and while I helped them with their drawing I taught them other things. Presently Alfie, aged five, made a discovery for himself. "I didn't use to be able to draw birds before, but now, when I keep saying 'can, can, can,' inside of me, I can draw lovely birds."

Theological debates lead nowhere. One of our ministers used to say that he never took part in them because they reminded

him of skeletons, they had no life in them. I enjoy the services at our church more and more. If they happen to select a hymn in which one cannot join, it is surely not wise to let one's mind dwell upon it. We do not emphasize the mistakes children make. I remember how one morning we had a hymn that inquired, "Should not the Church, in weeds of woe, her absent Lover mourn?" There is nothing gained by taking notice, by brooding over it. In this instance my friend called my attention to it by asking where my weeds of woe were? She was not a Truth student, but she saw the mistake as soon as I did. After an address on the old conception of a heaven of perfect happiness after death, the minister's wife remarked to a little group that she thought the text that said, "In thy presence is fullness of joy," alluded to our present life in this world, not to a hereafter.

I feel it a high privilege to be able to give the account of my experience.—C. W.

Dear Editor of Youth:

Will you please give me your opinion of Fortune telling? I want to have my fortune told, but would like your opinion first.—A. M. S.

A. M. S.—The only good fortune in going to a fortune teller is *his* good fortune at getting your fee.

HERE is some good advice for "Frank," and it may also help other readers who think of leaving school.

Dear Youth:

Or would it be better to say, "Dear Friend Frank?" I intend this note for Frank especially, and for all the other readers of *Youth*.

Frank, whatever you do, *don't give up* your school work. You will be sorry some day, if you do.

I am a girl sixteen years of age. I was in your place two years ago. It was easy for me to make my grades at school. I would make a grade of between 80 and 95 on all my examinations, and never study very hard. I wanted to go to work. I had my own way. I went to work, but it was so uncertain. I would work about three or four months and be out of work for about three weeks. I could not get another position because I never had the required amount of education. So if you were to quit school now you would just be able to get work on a farm, or in a factory, or some similar place.

I would advise any one to go on and con-



Your letters—a bright spot in every day's mail

tinue his school work and *be somebody* some day, not just an "extra hand" with only a grammar school education.—*R. R.*

Dear Youth Editor:

Recently we subscribed for your delightful magazine and certainly were pleased at the modernness of its stories, also at the absence of preaching in its articles. I'm a little over high school age and work daily in an office.

Why is it that for the past five years I was content to sit in an office and work contentedly each day, living a joyful life, and now am having a period of discontent? I feel that there is something for me to do which I have as yet not found and oh, *Youth*, I want to find my divine purpose. It almost seems to me as if I've been standing still. I don't seem to have any special talents—that sounds ungrateful to my kind Father, but nevertheless to me it seems quite true.—*M. H.*

M. H.—When we begin to see new light we get a new vision. Things that seemed to shine ever so brightly in a half light, do not look so bright under the sun. The urge of the Spirit in us is ever to do greater things—and the Spirit that urges will also help to fulfill the urge. So keep happy. Find the fun of adventuring in Truth. It is as much a joy to be working toward a thing, usually, as it is to attain it. Do not allow yourself to be discontented. The capacity to do one big thing is gained by

doing many smaller things well. Every moment is filled with splendor. Do not be in too much of a hurry to reach What-Is-to-Be.

Dear Youth:

I have studied hard in my freshman year, but cannot seem to make a success of it. I don't want to be a quitter, and any way my folks wouldn't let me. Sometimes I think it is the teacher's fault.—*R. G.*

R. G.—Studying hard is the major part of your success. If you are learning your lessons well, that is much more important than the grades you receive. If you are not learning as much or as rapidly as your should, why not ask your teacher for some suggestions as to how you can study more effectively. She will be glad to help you, *Youth* is confident. Your own mental attitude toward your studies is all-important. Stop condemning yourself. Begin to think: *I am alert and receptive to new ideas. I understand them easily and apply them readily. Through the Presence within me I can do every good thing that I am called upon to do.*

Dear Youth:

I wish to thank you for the interest you took in my note, concerning the use of cosmetics and I agree with you in every respect.—*A. S.*

Success will come in doing that thing which you would rather do than play.—*Selected.*

A Year of Happiness!

Youth! Youth!

We could remind you of the happiness your friends will derive from *Youth* by your subscriptions through the Prosperity Bank Plan; we might call your attention to the peppy stories, the gay covers, the illustrations, the many new features—but you have the magazine in your hand, it speaks for itself, and anyway there is just enough room left for you to complete the page by filling in the blanks, to bring happiness to your friends through *Youth*, and blessings to you through the Bank Plan. It's your turn!

1. Name
Address
City State
2. Name
Address
City State
3. Name
Address
City State

(This offer does not include *Youth* for the sender unless his name is listed above as one of the three.)

Name of sender
Address
City State

ARE YOUNG PEOPLE NARROW-MINDED

A SMALL town youth, working at a trade in his father's shop, became famous overnight. Wealth, honor, riches, a crown, were offered him. He had great power to sway the minds of men, power over life and death! What he did with them makes his life story the greatest of the ages.

There has never been a more human, more appealing, more inspiring story

BUT—

Are young people too narrow-minded to read it?

Have they heard it so many times (because they *had* to listen) that they will not read it now for the actual inspiration and interest it contains?

Would you read His story—even with capitalized pronouns in it? He Himself said, "Though ye believe not me, believe the works," and it is on this basis that we are presenting a new series of articles about The Man Who Discovered Who He Was. The first will appear in August *Youth*.